THE WOMEN'S

MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

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A SONG OF SOLACE.

From the German.

Thou sweetest hand of God that so woundest my heart,
Thou makest me smile, while thou makest me smart;
It seems as if God were at ball-play and I,
The harder he strikes me the higher I fly.

I own it; he bruises he pierces me sore;
But the hammer and chisel afflict me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see
The sculptor will carve out an angel for me.

I shrink from no suffering how painful soe'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there.
For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow
When the smith with his hammer deals blow upon blow.

God presses me hard, but he gives patience, too!
And I say to myself, "'Tis no more than my due."
And no tone on the organ can swell on the breeze
Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys.

So come, then, and welcome the blow and the pain,
Without them no mortal can Heaven attain;
For what can the sheaves on the barn-floor avail
'Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain;
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;
Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay;
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

ASYOOT TRAINING COLLEGE.

SITUATION AND BUILDING.

Asyoot Training College, by Rev. J. R. Alexander, who was chosen by the Missionary Association to succeed the late Dr. Hogg in the principalship and management of the institution.

The Mission Training College in Egypt is situated in a garden of palm trees between the ancient city of Asyoot and the River Nile. The building fronts on one of the main roads leading from the city to the river. It is two stories high and contains thirteen comfortable class rooms, a large chapel, two mission residences, and a dining room in the basement. To the rear of the College building are the Dormitories. They are two stories in height and contain accommodation for 160, or by crowding for 220 pupils. The funds for these buildings have been provided from gifts outside of the regular church contributions.

ITS WORK.

A new light—the true light—has again dawned on this land. The sleepers of the Nile Valley are rapidly awakening. A new religion and a new learning are gradually being acquired. Inquiry is being made into every subject. Young and enterprising men are everywhere seeking for information concerning the principles of government, of society, of morality, of religions that prevail in the great nations of the earth. The Training College helps them as it is able. Its library and professors are constantly consulted in a thousand matters that concern the general welfare of society. Men, interested in Agriculture and the Mechanical arts as well as in education have sought information within its walls. But more important still, the Lord's saved ones are rapidly increasing in number, and becoming more thoroughly organized. They look to this school for teachers and preachers, for leaders and organizers, for those who will carry the work of the church into all parts of the country, and develop a learning and a morality based on the truths and hopes of Christ's Gospel, which will supplant the false, deceptive, and casuistic learning and dissolute morality of Mohammedanism, and remove the superstitions of a decayed and nominal christianity. Much external civilization has been received by the people, much unsanctified learning has been taught; those therefore who would prepare the way of the Lord in this land must be able not only to give a reason for the faith that is in them, but they must be able also to "*adorn* the doctrine of God our Savior in *all* things." The training and preparation necessary for such workers is the work of this school.

ITS PAST.

The College is the result of growth. It began with pupils "in number few and very few." It had no building of its own but through the prejudice of the people was forced to begin its work as a primary school in a donkey stable. Five years afterwards (1870) a small ill-built house was erected and the Academical department opened. For fourteen years work was done in this uncomfortable and overcrowded building. Four years ago the present buildings were occupied.

During its existence 1300 pupils have spent more or less time within its halls; fifty-eight of whom have persevered to the end and completed the College Course. These pupils are scattered everywhere throughout the Valley. They are found in the pastorate, in the schools, in the post office, railway and police departments: they are servants, clerks, interpreters, farmers, merchants, licentiates, theologues, newspaper correspondents, printers, medical students, lawyers, consular agents. Coming as

they have from hundreds of families, from scores of villages and from every grade of life; engaged as they are in every activity of the land; who can estimate the influence they have exerted, the prejudice they have removed, the truth they have made known, the souls they have saved? Of the 58 graduates 6 are pastors, 5 licentiates, 4 theologues, 23 teachers and 1 shopman; that is, two-thirds of them are in the direct service of the native church, while all but six are communicants in some congregation of the Evangelical Church. We hope for much from these young men in glorifying God and in serving this generation.

ITS PRESENT.

During the present session 250 students are in attendance, while during the year 311 have been enrolled. The pupils are mostly diligent and attentive. There are 86 in the Academical Department, which means that (D. V.) during the next *four years* the College will furnish as many graduates as it has during the past *twenty-two years*. The school is now well organized and an earnest competent corps of teachers are working with enthusiasm. They are all our own pupils except two, and are in sympathy with us and with the design of the school. The present graduating class consists of only four members; but two of them expect to study theology. Of the members of the next class *seven* have already signified their intention, by the grace of God, to devote themselves to the ministry of the Gospel of his Son.

We know not the future, but is not the prosperity of the past and present a divine pledge for the future? Have not those who have helped in this enterprise realized some thirty, some sixty, and some one hundred fold? Will they not generously continue their favors and increase their gifts and their prayers, remembering that as our opportunities are great, our needs are also great?

ASVOOT, Dec. 24th, 1887.

THE MOTHER'S PLACE IN MISSIONS.

THE Almighty has set his seal upon the mother's work. He has given it sacredness and permanence that it may not be effaced by any effort of after instructors. The child, plastic as wax, is placed in her loving embrace; and she alone may mould as she pleases. The impressions received in childhood lie deepest in the nature. They are the foundations, most sure and enduring. Upon these, the after-life of the child must depend.

A distinguished writer says: "Family statesmanship finds its embodiment in the thoughtful, judicious, faithful mother. The man is such as his mother makes him."

Many of our most eminent Christian divines owe their success in winning souls to a mother's early influence. John Wesley's mother used, in his childhood, during his father's absence, to hold meetings in the parsonage. Who can tell the influence of those meetings on her son, as he in after-life manifested the same spirit of devotion?

The Scotch evangelist, Duncan Matherson, had a most devoted Christian mother. She read to him one day a selection on the "endlessness of eternity"; and, after his conversion, his preaching was characterized by this one thought,—the endlessness of eternity.

The mother of our evangelist, Jabez Swan, gave to him also his special line of preaching. Moody's mother did much toward his present success. A widow, but brave and persevering, she sought to rear her six children in the knowledge of the Scriptures. They

were the subjects of many earnest prayers. Her son, to-day, is a trophy of her success.

In a sylvan retreat, a devout mother offered her prayers. Before there was any missionary organization in our land, her prayers ascended there for the early missionaries of India and Africa, and her earnings were sent, through a friend, for their support. She was the mother of missionary Brown, of Assam, and later of Japan.

If, then, the influence of the mother is paramount, "*what is the mother's place in missions, and how can she best fulfill her duties in that place?*"

I. The mother must be consecrated to the work of missions herself. Her life must furnish an example of intelligent interest, of cheerful giving, of earnest consecration. She can impart no missionary zeal to another, unless it is true and fervent in her own spirit.

II. The mother must fully realize her duty to her child, and her responsibility for his after-life. She must feel her influence, and realize the danger of delay in doing her work. Above all, she must see her need of wisdom from above. Then will she be often on her knees, inquiring of God the way in which she should lead, and beseeching him to show her the path so plainly that she may not err therein.

III. The mother should give missionary information and instruction, that she may have her child well established in the missionary spirit. She must simplify the information which she possesses. She must illustrate it, and make it glow with the interest which she herself feels. By this means, she will bring it down to the understanding of a young child. Let him feel that missions are something that mother loves, and he will love them also. Read to him some of the interesting anecdotes which come in the mission paper. Give him some of the beautiful missionary books recently published. This instruction can be given during the twilight hour, or when the little one comes asking for a story. But let him see that the story has a reality, and is not a mere pastime. Let him realize that there is an obligation resting upon *him* in the matter. Teach your child to be unselfish, if you would give him the missionary spirit. Cultivate this spirit in the child when young, and it will be second nature to him when he arrives at manhood, as natural for him to take his part in the work of saving the world as for him to move or breathe.

IV. The mother should early train her child to *give* for missions. There is much in being in the habit of giving. A man who has never given anything in his life realizes it hard, very hard, to find his pocket, and especially hard to take anything out of it. But the man in whom the habit of benevolence is established early exemplifies the Scripture, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

The child should be taught to give systematically, and not spasmodically. Let there be set times for giving, that it may not be a simple matter of feeling. Let the child be taught to give in proportion to his means, and at regular intervals. Then, the churches of the future will not wait to bestow their gifts until moved by the sermon of a missionary agent.

The child should be instructed to give from principle, because it is his duty to give,—not giving to missions simply because his is a generous nature, as he would give his mother a Christmas present or his little cousin a kite. But let him give for Christ's sake, that Christ's name may be honored by those who know not of him. Let him understand that the "great command" applies to him individually, and, if he cannot go in person, he must go by substitute.

V. The mother should hold her son as lent to her by the Lord. She should,

before his budding intellect asserts itself, dedicate him to the work of missions. Every mother should set apart her son to this work, and stand waiting in willingness to let him go, if the Lord sees in him an instrument to his honor in the work. The heart-strings may quiver, and the eyes be dimmed by the parting; but what honor to be called of God to rear one whose holy work shall influence men throughout all time!

Such faithful work by the mothers of our land would raise up churches whose members would not be ignorant of mission work, and therefore indifferent: on the contrary, they could be depended upon to support missions. We should need less work done by the pastors and secretaries of our various organizations, in order to awaken interest and feeling. Financially, missions would stand on a basis of regular offerings. There need be no accumulation of debt, for our officers could know what to depend upon as the offerings of the churches. Above all, our mission-fields would be better supplied with men trained from childhood to a missionary spirit of self-devotion.—*From Helping Hand.*

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

BY IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

It was almost too hot to listen to the sermon, and Mrs. Clinton Conway turned her thoughts in another direction. Mrs. Peale sat across the aisle, arrayed in her new black lace dress, and, of course, her costumes were always a study for the fashionable ones, being marvels of elegance and grace. So Mrs. Conway noticed every detail of the well fitting basque, and marked the delicate fall of drapery on the skirt, mentally determining to purchase a robe equally as pretty and becoming.

"I shall have a larger pattern than hers," she thought, "as I am taller, and shall drape the front breadth diagonally—" Here her reverie was interrupted by a sudden silence which followed the close of the discourse and preceeded the pastor's prayer.

After the last tune, Elder Thorne whispered a few words into the minister's ear and a Sabbath school convention was announced, to be held the following month, in the church.

"I shall expect the members of my congregation to throw open the doors of their hearts and homes, and to receive and entertain strangers as though they were those of their own household. Not grudgingly, as bestowing a favor, and not irksomely, as acting under an unpleasant duty; but cheerfully, graciously and kindly, as unto the Lord. No one who reads the Savior's meaning in the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' can refuse to receive one of his disciples in his name. No matter who it is, 'one of the least of these' is precious in his sight."

"Do you expect to entertain any delegates?" Mrs. Peale said, as Mrs. Conway was leaving the church at the close of the service.

"Oh, I hardly know," was the reply. "We are not interested in the Sabbath-school, and I never attended a convention in my life. Since the children have been too old to go, I have not kept up with the Sabbath-school; but, of course, I am willing to take some delegates, if there is any need of it. I have plenty of room, you know."

"Yes," said Mrs Peale, "but there are usually enough interested in the work to

provide for those who come. However, as this is to be a State affair, I presume there will be a large attendance. I heard Mrs. St. John, of M——, was to be present, and you know what an elegant woman she is. I hope to entertain her, so shall send in my name for two, as she will doubtless bring some one with her."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway. "I did not know that such people as Mrs. St. John were Sabbath-school workers. I think I shall put my name down, too, for it would never do to be thought inhospitable."

On the following week Mrs. Conway's aristocratic name was surprisingly enrolled on the entertainment list for delegates by a member of the committee, and the fact created no little comment. Mrs. Peale's youngest daughter attended Sabbath-school, and, of course, it was expected that she would do something; but Mrs. Clinton Conway's condescension was really an unheard of thing. She was so fond of dress and society, so thorough a "worldling," that she seemed to take very little interest in spiritual matters, though a regular attendant at church. Her husband was so engrossed in business affairs that he had not time for much else, and often looked over his accounts on Sunday, or used the sacred hours as a means of rest after a week's labors. Her daughter was just entering a bright society-world, full of balls and parties and a round of gaieties that kept her busy planning fancy toilettes, attending places of amusement, and entertaining her butterfly friends and acquaintances. So she was ushered into the first sweet years of her girlhood without that gentle Christian influence that softens a beautiful face and gives a modest grace to the conversation and manners of every daughter, and makes mother, home and heaven the dearest things to her heart.

What wonder that her son, too, should have learned in his brief fifteen years to adopt a language and manner from which Christian mothers guard their boys with jealous diligence! He had learned the power of wealth and his extravagance was indulged as his demands increased. Is it strange such boys make reckless, selfish, ungodly men? Is it not, rather, most natural that they should? The sweet, tender home influence of loving Christian parents will do more for wayward boys than all the reform-schools that have ever been built, and without this they stand in need of all the sympathy and prayers we can give them.

Released from the influence of the Sabbath-school, and deprived of any religious teachings at home, Leila and Mark Conway were growing up into just what might have been expected of them; so much for their mother's example. But at heart Mrs. Conway was not so bad after all; she thought, in her way, that she was doing her duty. Her children had been sent to the best schools, drilled under the best masters, and introduced into the best society. Their books were chosen from the leading authors, attractively bound and illustrated, and they were allowed to go as they pleased, to dress handsomely, and have a good time. Yes, Mrs. Conway congratulated herself that they were doing everything they could for their children. She did not know how often her boy was found at the wine table at a fashionable party, or how frequently he dropped into a billiard saloon to have a little game with a friend. But even then she would not have realized that there was any danger. She attended church regularly, contributed to charitable causes, and called herself a Christian as many others do in a dim, far-off way, who have no idea of the meaning of the word. She read her Bible and said a dutiful little prayer every night, and was more to be pitied than

blamed for thinking herself a model mother.

The approaching convention was a matter of little importance to Mrs. Conway. It was no trouble for her to entertain with her ample means. She knew nothing of those delightful little preparations that take place in some households at such times; and was unacquainted with those sweet acts of self-denial that prompt the giving of the best for the stranger guests, at a sacrifice, just because in so doing they are honoring Him. Ah, how different it is when the heart is interested!

The morning of the opening of the convention was a cloudy one. A fine gray mist enveloped everything, and each in-coming train brought delegates equipped with gossamers and umbrellas, ready to battle with the elements.

Mrs. Conway rode to the church in her carriage, wearing her plainest black silk dress, which poor Mrs. Tucker thought far too nice for such a bad day.

This humble little neighbor had looked wistfully at her new brown cashmere, and then at the sky, and then with a sigh slipped on her old black merino without giving herself further thought. She stood waiting in the church-parlor, near Mrs. Conway, when the committee brought in the delegates after the morning session. An elegant looking lady came up just then with her daughter, and the secretary glanced up from her writing at Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Tucker and made a quick decision, handing both ladies a card at the same time.

"My carriage is waiting," said Mrs. Conway smilingly, "and I will take my delegates home as soon as the appointments are made."

She looked questioningly at the well-dressed strangers, and then at the secretary. The latter said:

"Your card will show your delegates' names, Mrs. Conway; they are both in the audience room now."

Mrs. Conway felt disappointed; and just then Mrs. Tucker walked past her accompanied by the distinguished-looking guests she had so much wanted.

"Perhaps, though," she thought, "I shall have Mrs. St. John and Miss Garland," and so felt comforted, little knowing that the former had passed her only a few moments ago with the owner of the plain, black merino dress, who lived in the shabby little cottage near her own beautiful residence.

She had only to wait a moment, when one of the committee stepped up to her and said:

"I have been looking for you, Mrs. Conway. Your delegates, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Roberts, are ready to go with you," and turning around she introduced two plain, unpretentious-looking women, who did not seem at all impressed with her elegance, but responded very quietly to her formal greeting and followed her to her carriage as though such a superb conveyance was an accustomed luxury with them.

Mrs. Conway, taking an outward survey of her guests, was deeply disappointed, and chided herself strongly for consenting to entertain anyone; especially as she contrasted them with Mrs. Tucker's visitors who were just going in at her humble gate.

Into her palatial home, those two poor, tired guests were ushered. From their simple, struggling, every day world, it was like a glimpse into the gates of paradise. As they sank into the luxurious chairs, trod the noiseless, velvet carpets, and ate of the delicious viands spread among a glittering array of rose-bud china, solid silver, and showy damask, it was like a benediction to their weary, toil-stained lives. And when shown the secluded welcome of the room set apart for them, it was as if God had sent them a green oasis to brighten and beautify the barren waste they had travelled so long. How they reveled in

the sweet comforts and luxuries so far removed from their hungry hearts! Who does not love these things, and reach out after them in a dazed sort of a way, no matter if they have never known what it was to have them?

Mrs. Stone, from her chosen lot as a minister's wife in a poor, struggling, half-paid country town, brought with her a keen sense of enjoyment and appreciation for all that was so lavishly bestowed about her; and her love for the beautiful was gratified with the rich adornments and comforts of Mrs. Conway's home. To Mrs. Roberts, from her far-off farm-nest with its four noisy boys and one blue-eyed girl, it was a change that in one sense was restful and welcome; and yet, somehow, she felt a lack of something in this great handsome home that helped to make her own little nest the dearest spot on earth to her. She missed the warm, Christian sympathy, the whispered table-blessing, and the tender words of welcome in Christ's name. She, too, had once been surrounded by wealth and luxury, but had chosen to leave it all behind her and walk in humbler paths with him she loved best. Into her home she brought sunshine, gladness and love, and God had smiled and added his blessing.

The morning after their arrival at Mrs. Conway's the two delegates arose early, as was their custom at home, and held morning devotions in their room. During these exercises Mrs. Conway tapped at the door to see if her guests were awake, and Mrs. Stone requested her to come in.

"We are having our morning devotions," she said timidly, "won't you join us?"

Mrs. Conway hesitated. There really was nothing to prevent, but she was so unused to their ways and felt inclined to refuse. But Mrs. Robert's sweet, pleading voice could not be resisted as she added her invitation to Mrs. Stone's.

"We should so enjoy having you come, dear Mrs. Conway; the chapter we are reading is such a beautiful one, and seems peculiarly fitting to our case just now. It is the twenty-fifth of Matthew. Notice the fortieth verse, doesn't it seem intended for us? 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me?' I feel assured you have just this feeling in your heart when you welcome us to your heart and home, showing us, who are indeed 'the least of these,' kindness and hospitality as though we were your royal guests. What a blessing it is to do things for Christ's sake, and thus show our love for him! I trust this convention will be a blessed time for every one of us, and that he may use us all for his honor and glory."

They knelt in prayer, and as Mrs. Robert's earnest words echoed through the room, Mrs. Conway felt her heart stirred as it had never been before. Then the song of praise went ringing through the open window and awakened Mr. Conway from his morning nap.

Mrs. Robert's voice was her gift, consecrated to the Lord, and she sang with a message from Him that morning. Long ago that busy man of the world had heard his mother's voice singing those beautiful, soulful words; once more he seemed to sit with her in the little village church among the blue, New Hampshire hills, and again the dear old song went soaring up to the skies, and he fancied that he could see her loving face and hear her sweet voice, as of old.

"Other refuge have I none," she was singing, and Mr. Conway listened silently. How his heart smote him! The world had been his refuge for many years, and he had forgotten his mother's God. He arose and dressed himself with the strains still echoing in his ears. All day long the song followed him, and

when evening came he astonished his wife by asking to hear again the song they sang that morning. In the richly furnished parlor, to the melody of the grand piano, the precious old words were lifted up from the prayerful heart of Mrs. Roberts, who sang as she never did before.

The third and last day was pleasantly anticipated by every member of the convention. There was to be a paper by a gifted writer whose nom de plume was familiar to every one present, and many were the conjectures concerning her. Some selected one, some another, and only two or three among the audience knew who the lady was, as her home was in a distant State. There was a flutter of excitement when her name was called, and every eye was directed to the corner of the room from whence a plainly-dressed, refined little woman came. As she took her place modestly in front of the audience, Mrs Conway started violently and colored, for she could scarcely believe that in the quiet, retiring Mrs. Stone she beheld the talented author of whom she had read and heard so often.

The paper she had prepared was an inspiration to every one present, her theme being "The Relation of Christians to the Sabbath School." Full of simple home truths, it sank deep into the hearts of her hearers, and proved a strength and help to many who had grown cold and indifferent in the cause of Christ.

Mrs. Conway listened intently; how Mrs. Stone did put the matter, to be sure! She wondered if it was meant to be personal; it hit her case exactly. She had lost interest in the Sabbath school; she did not urge her children to go; she did not teach a class herself, and did not even belong to the Bible class. Surely Mrs. Stone would not attack her in so public a manner. It was not kind after the courtesy she had shown her; no, indeed. But, after all, how true it was. Had she done her duty as a Christian? Had she done anything for Christ? Had she even taken her delegates for his sake? No, she knew she had not, and her conscience smote her as she thought of Mrs. Robert's verse of "the least of these." Yes, she thought them the least; but, then, she only looked on the outside, for how infinitely greater were they both in His sight than she! Gifted, with pen and voice, overflowing with the Master's love, and quickened by his holy Spirit, how sweet, yet how powerful, had their influence been. She remembered with gladness the look of pleased content on her husband's face as he listened to the old hymn his mother loved; and as she glanced across the room was amazed to find that he had slipped away from his business cares to spend an hour at the convention. Leila was there, too, to hear the much-talked of writer, and could not conceal the look of surprise on her face, as she listened to Mrs. Stone's earnest words.

Who can tell the result? It was one of God's ways to bring his own near to himself; and in the years that followed Mrs. Conway looked back upon that convention as the turning point in her life, and dates the true happiness of herself and her household from that time.

She has learned to look below the surface into the soul, and through the sweet, Christian influence of the stranger guests she so unwillingly received into her home has realized the blessedness of doing all things for Christ's sake.—*The Interior.*

A NOBLE WOMAN.

How few monuments are built for women; and yet we are not sure but there are more women deserve them than men, if we exclude those honored for their skill and courage in war. We had the pleasure of hearing the lecture of Prof. Drummond at Chautauqua, in which he described the grave of Mrs. Livingstone as follows, and we could not repress the feeling that she ought to have a monument by the side of her husband in Westminster Abbey:

We were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afteroon we reached the spot, a low, ruined hut a hundred yards from the river bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud-floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its late occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sabbath evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bed-room, at this same time, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle-grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest, and as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might be not less worthy of immortality.—*Selected.*

For the Missionary Magazine.

THE great work of the church is mission work, and that is aggressive. The command is "go ye into all the world." But many professing Christians no more think of going into that part of the world at their doors than of going to the Pacific coast or to Egypt. They are too busy. They will give and help those whose business it is to do mission work, and congratulate themselves that God has set apart ministers and theological students and Sabbath school teachers and the women of the church to do his work; but they have neither time nor talent for such work.

Persecution might be good for the church. When Stephen was murdered for his loyalty to Jesus, "there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem, and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." Now what did these scattered ones do? Did they make it their whole business to locate and get rich? No, the divine word says, "Therefore, they that were scattered abroad went everywhere, preaching the word," telling of a Saviour. "Let him that heareth say come."

Whitfield is said to have regretted to his dying day that he rode a half-day in a stage coach with a stranger without saying a word to him about his soul. Ah! what base cowards we are! How much might be accomplished by a prayerful consideration of personal responsibility, on the one hand, and the agony of the garden and the cross for a

perishing world on the other!

If I understand the reports of Foreign mission work, every convert becomes a helper to the missionaries. And at the present rate of increase, the lands so long enshrouded in moral darkness will outstrip us ere long.

RUSHVILLE. F.

THE Lord's prayer is the most diffused production in the world, being familiar to persons of fifty-three languages, including the Cherokee in America and the Grabo in Africa.

Twelve native women are studying at the College of Medicine in Bombay.

Young Peoples' Department.

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

"I expect to pass through this world but once: any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to a human being, or any word that I can speak for Jesus—let me do it NOW: let me not neglect nor defer it: for I shall not pass this way again."

THE BORROWED HALF DOLLAR.

Two boys at the gate before a little brown farm-house stood talking earnestly. "Well, Rob, I do wish we could," the younger boy was saying. "But, can't we?" asked Rob. "We could *borrow* the money. You see, if only *two* eggs are hatched that would make more than the fifty cents we borrow, for we can sell the young turkeys at fifty cents apiece and pay it all back,—then just think what a lot of money we could make if *all* the eggs hatch!"

"Then, may be, we can buy Tim Smith's dog Tiger. O, won't that be fun! But, Rob," and Willie's face grew thoughtful, "where can we get the money? You know mother has told us never to borrow from the boys, an' she hasn't got any to spare, for Monday is rent day and she has to save every bit to pay Mr. McClain."

"Well, s'pose we go and talk to her about it, anyhow. Perhaps she can think of some way."

"Mother! O, Mother!" called the eager boys, but no mother answered. On the table was a little note written by mother telling them that she had been obliged to go to the city that afternoon, and that their supper was ready for them in the cupboard, for she would not return until late. Hungry as school-boys generally are, they hastened to the cupboard to get a "piece" before going out to attend to their evening chores. In a corner of the kitchen cupboard stood a well-known children's toy. The paint was scratched off here and there, but the gilt letters retained enough of their old-time brightness to make known the name of "Bank." Sacred was this little red bank with its battered sides and tin roof, for this was the children's missionary box. When looking for the lunch prepared by his mother's careful hands, Willie's eyes fell upon the box. "Say, Rob, let's see how much money there is."

"All right," was the answer.

So the little bank was taken down from the honored place, and out upon the kitchen table was poured the hoard of pennies and nickles and dimes.

Grandpa's present to baby Rob, long ago, had been set apart to a sacred use, and even from baby fingers was dropped the bright penny "to go to send the Bible to the heven."

As Rob and Willie grew older the one cent of every ten, or the ten cents of every dollar, of either gift or earning was carefully counted out and dropped through the long slit in the tall chimney. Many, too ,were the "extras" that went rattling down among the quiet coins in the bottom, giving forth, what seemed to the boys, a gladder sound than usual. Taught from their childhood by both word and example of Christian parents, these boys early experienced the joy of giving systematically. To them it was a gift of love, not of obligation.

As the boys counted the coins that bright May afternoon, a new thought came to Rob. "I tell you what, Willie;" he exclaimed, "let's borrow fifty cents from the box, and go right over to Mrs. Brown's for the eggs. I know mother won't care, for we can tell her when she comes home. You see, Mrs. Brown said that if we didn't come before six for the eggs she would let Joe Clark have them when he goes there to-night for the milk, an' may be she won't have any more to sell." "And," continued Rob, "there's only a dollar and a half this time in the box; perhaps we can make enough off the turkeys to more than pay it back."

Willie, whom his mother called "Rob's echo," willingly assented, and with money in pocket and basket in hand they hurried away.

In a snug corner of the barn old white "Toppy" was set upon the precious eggs in a nest filled with fresh hay. No nest could have been more carefully watched; no hen could have received more encouragement during her self-determined isolation.

When the boys told their mother of the investment she wisely refrained from reproving them at the time, anxiously and prayerfully awaiting the right opportunity. Days,—weeks passed by. No envious clucking hen disturbed the nest, nor were the eggs ever allowed to become cold by faithful old Toppy; yet no sign of turkey life was visible.

The boys were growing anxious.

"Perhaps there will be one out by to-morrow morning," hopefully remarked Rob, as he dropped off to sleep one night.

The morning came. Soon Toppy was seen contentedly taking her morning drink, and Willie, watching from the window, knew there was no use in going to look for any little turkey chicks that morning. Yes, the dread certainty must be acknowledged — *the eggs were spoiled, and it was missionary money.*

In distress the boys sought their mother. Long was the talk between that widowed mother and her boys. Earnestly did she endeavor to impress upon their minds the lesson they had just learned.

They never forgot that what they had given to the Lord was sacred, and should not be used for themselves. But this was not all. One day not long after their sad experience, while Rob was helping his mother put away the dishes, he said to Willie, "I just believe it would be as bad to keep for ourselves what we ought to give to the Lord as it was for us to take back some after we had said it was His."

M. McC. G.

When the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it sometimes rests in them and goes not further; but when it beholdest them confederate and linked together, it must fly to Providence and Deity.—*Bacon.*

CHURCH HISTORY.

(Continued from page 188.)

Mamma.—Well, children, are you ready to resume our Sabbath evening talks?

Sarah.—Yes, mamma, and would have been some time ago, but that I was committing some of that new catechism you gave me.

Robby.—Why, Sarah, I heard mamma say it was old.

Mamma.—Yes, it was written many years ago in Scotland by Rev. John Muckarsie, but it is new to Sarah, she never having heard of it.

Robby.—It has too many questions. Why I counted more than three hundred—I like the chief end of man better, or best.

Mamma.—Yes, Robby, but when you have committed the shorter catechism, I hope you will commit Muckarsie, for it, in short answers, explains the other—and I found when teaching Sabbath-school and Bible class great help from it, and felt very thankful that my parents had me commit it to memory when a child.

Robby.—But you were to tell us of the disciple who was not killed.

Sarah.—Yes, the only one of the twelve, who did not die a violent death.

Mamma.—History of the early church informs us that, except John, all the twelve died by violence.

Robby.—Why, mamma, I read that King Herod killed John.

Mamma.—That was John the Baptist, the fore-runner of our Saviour. We read of four Johns in the new testament; the one of whom we are to talk is John the Apostle, who wrote the gospel, three letters and the Revelation or Apocalypse, and is called the beloved disciple, "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Sarah.—Yes, I remember, and have looked through the other three gospels and cannot see that anywhere in them he is called a favorite; or I have looked over the gospels, and cannot see that any of the first three has said that John was a favorite.

Mamma.—That is true, and we only know he was from his lying on Christ's bosom at supper, and Jesus when on the cross giving his mother into his care, and John's own claim to that distinction, "The disciple whom Jesus loved."

Sarah.—Was his being a favorite the reason of his dying a natural death?

Mamma.—No, we cannot think so, but rather by it showing God's sovereignty and His power of saving life by miracle, and also sparing him for a particular work.

Sarah.—Do you remember the miracle, mamma?

Mamma.—Yes, we are informed that after the death of Nero, Vespasian became Emperor, then Titus, the latter only as Emperor two years—he was succeeded by his brother Domitian, who, like Nero, determined to destroy the Christians. Seneca informs us, that sometimes Nero caused the bodies of Christians to be covered with wax, ere they were committed to the flames. Domitian tried to exceed Nero in cruelty; of John we read he had him thrown into a caldron of boiling oil.

Robby.—Why he was as cruel as the King who threw the three young men into the fiery furnace.

Mamma.—Yes, and as God saved them, so he did John, for the boiling oil had no power to harm him; he then sent him to the lonely Isle of Patmos—there he wrote the Revelation.

Sarah.—That was the last scripture written.

Mamma.—No, it is supposed he wrote his gospel afterwards, and it was written in defence of the Godhead of the Lord Jesus. Already there were those teach-

ing that Jesus was only man; John, then living in Ephesus, heard that error openly avowed particularly by Cerinthus, who soon had many followers; it is related of John, once going to the public baths, and that finding Cerinthus there, he would not enter, but ran off.

Sarah.—Why! he is called the Apostle of love, how could he treat him so?

Mamma.—Yes, he so loved his Saviour, and the souls of men that he would not associate with such as he. You remember in his letter to the Elect lady and her children, he bid her refuse entertainment to those who did not "abide in the doctrine of Christ."

Sarah —But, mamma, we could not do so in these days.

Mamma.—We are not to have for our friends those who deny Christ, or the Bible to be God's truth. I know a youth, who when quite young was introduced to some finely cultured boys who I supposed would be his companions—but soon he came to me saying he could not associate with those boys, they were not truthful, and upon every slight provocation took God's name in vain, and he did not. He has now grown into manhood, loyal to Christ, and in favor with all who know him.

Robby.—Well, I will try and be like John and that good boy.

Mamma.—Yes, better be alone than associate with evil. The Bible represents life as a race, looking onward to the end where is the prize and the glory.

Sarah.—I presume Mary, the mother of Jesus, who was cared for by John, was long since dead.

Mamma.—Yes, if she lived until the commencement of the Jewish wars in the year 50, she would no doubt with others go to a place of safety. There is a tradition that not one Christian was destroyed during the war, nor in the destruction of Jerusalem some years after this. It is presumed that John never returned to his native country after leaving it in the year 50, or about that period.

Sarah.—He was no doubt too old after this war in Judea to do any active work.

Mamma.—History informs us of his visiting various churches already established, correcting mistakes and encouraging pastors. In one of his journeys he met a young man whom he instructed in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and left him in one of the churches. He was baptized, and for a time lived as a Christian, but meeting with bad companions, he joined them and soon became captain of a band of robbers. Sometime after, John was passing over the mountains and was taken by the robbers. He bade them take him to their captain, who, when he saw John, was struck with shame and ran off. John called him back saying, "My son, why fleest thou from thy Father, unarmed and old; Jesus Christ has sent me." The youth trembled and wept bitterly. John prayed with him, and brought him back, and remained with him until he believed him "fully restored by divine grace."

Robby.—O, mamma, I am so glad; I thought the robbers would put the good old minister in prison.

Mamma.—No, the aged minister was no doubt sent by God to bring him back to himself.

Sarah.—How long did he live after that?

Mamma.—We do not know, but we read of his meeting with Christian assemblies when his only sermon was, "Little children, love one another." When asked why he repeated the same words, he would say, "Nothing more is needed." His long life brings us to the end of the first century, and next Sabbath we will talk of two of his disciples who were faithful unto death.

BALTIMORE. M.

Every United Presbyterian should have a copy of Dr. Gordon's work on India.

A LESSON FOR CHILDREN.

Recitation for Mission Band.

A grain of corn an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of the field may then
Be multiplied by ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a millionfold;
For mark—a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul could scarce be saved alone—
Its bliss, I trust, would make it known;
"Come," it would say, "and you shall see
What great things God has done for me."

Hundreds the joyful sound might hear,
Hear with the heart as well as ear;
And these to hundreds more proclaim
Salvation through the only Name.

That only Name, above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
That every tongue and tribe may call
On Jesus Christ as Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.

PAPA, HOW MUCH DO I COST?

A LITTLE girl, ten years old, lay on her deathbed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family—with her golden hair, her loving blue eyes and affectionate nature; how could she be given up? Her father fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitterly. He tried to say but could not, "Thy will be done." It was a struggle and a trial such as he had never before experienced.

His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed. "Papa, dear papa," she said at length. "What, my dear?" answered the father. "Papa," she asked, in faint, broken accents, "*How much do I cost you every year?*" "Hush, dear, be quiet," he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on. "But, please, papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her he replied, though with a trembling voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps $200 to $300. What then, darling?" "Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by."

With a bursting heart her father replied, kissing her clammy brow, "I will, my precious child." "Yes," he added after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live; and thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."—*Dayspring.*

CHRISTIANITY everywhere imparts dignity to labor, sanctity to marriage and brotherhood to man. Where it does not convert, it checks; where it does not renew, it refines; where it does not sanctify, it subdues.—*Lord Lawrence.*

It is pleasant to go sailing on the sea; it is delightful to go gypsying on the land; but there comes a time when we crave an anchorage, some blessed Salem or Manoah, some place of rest.

—*B. F. Taylor.*

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MISSION LIBRARY
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FROM VARIOUS MISSION FIELDS.

THE practice of counting converts by the head, as if they were cattle, is in its very nature absurd; as absurd as it would be for a farmer to complain in May that the cultivation of land produced nothing but expense. Missionary work is sowing, not reaping, and sowing of a plant slow to bear. . . . What matter if the sowing takes centuries, or if converts are numbered on the fingers of the hand? One St. Augustine would be ample repayment for all the labor yet expended; and St. Augustine may appear, say in China or Bengal to-morrow. When one talks of mismanagement of missionary funds, expenses of collection and the like, we can listen quietly, as to any other business argument; but when he talks about "results" as estimated per capita, we must tell him that he is arrogating to himself a knowledge which only God can possess. . . The plain truth about modern missionary work we believe to be this: it has become a profession, a most noble and very successful profession, and, like every other profession, has drawn to itself men of all kinds, of whom a large majority are qualified by inner disposition for its duties. At an expense of about a million a year, the Protestant churches send out to most parts of the heathen, and some parts of the Mussulman world a perpetually-renewed force of men and women to teach, to those who know them not, Christianity and civilization. Those men and women are of all sorts, some unfit, one or two in a thousand hopelessly unfit — bad persons, in short—a few fit to a degree no words of ours will adequately describe, but a majority well qualified in extremely-varied ways for the burdensome duty they have.—*London Spectator.*

ENCOURAGEMENTS FOR MISSION WORK.—The whole world is now open for the reception of the gospel. The Bible is printed in 250 languages and dialects. There are 150,000,000 copies in circulation. Twenty-five Women's Boards in England and America are actually engaged in Foreign Missionary work. The Young Men's Christian Associations are now formally inaugurating foreign missionary branches. The number of missionary societies is tenfold what it was eighty years ago. The number of converts is nearly fifty-fold. The increased facilities for inter-communication. The diffusion of the English language. Wonderful revivals, with pentecostal power, are frequent in heathen lands. The increase in membership in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home, in proportion to the number of ministers employed, although the tests of discipleship are of the most trying nature. But above all other encouragements are the precious promises of God: "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers keep not silence and give him no rest till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."—Isa. lxii, 6-7.

The following is from *The Word, the Work and the World:*

"Our great desire is to awaken the people of God to the unparalleled opportunities of our own age, and the need of a movement more deep and wide, more earnest and self-denying, more bold and aggressive, than anything that has yet been attempted, to reach the neglected at home, and evangelize the mighty generations abroad—the one thousand million souls who are dying in Christless despair, at the rate of 100,000 a day."

Let us remember, "The light that shines farthest, shines brightest nearest home"

M.

FORMERLY it used to be maintained that commerce was the necessary pioneer for the gospel. It became, however, only

too apparent that commerce with barbarous tribes mainly (as it ever has from the oldest period) consisted of piracy and kidnaping, and that when it advanced a stage further, it has of late years for the most part undertaken to supply rum and gunpowder, which are unfortunately even now staples of the trade with Africa. The commercial theory has therefore been largely abandoned.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

THE Women's Foreign Missionary Society which was organized last August in the little native church of San Luis Potosi has made an offering of five dollars for foreign missions. The people who constitute this church are so very poor that a penny is a large item in their exchequer. Probably there is not another woman's auxiliary on this hemisphere that has made a nobler and more generous offering in proportion to its means. It is pleasant to think that the beginnings of this movement in Mexico have thus formed a link with woman's work in all Christian lands.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

WELL did the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman say: "The greatest event of the decade is the *proclamation* of *religious* toleration by the Imperial authority of the Celestial Empire, and China to-day opens her gates wide to religious liberty; that for which the martyrs died; that for which the apostles contended and for which the reformers of all ages have fought." Let the Church now send her evangelists to the Celestial Empire, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. A hundred copies "stamped and sealed" of this proclamation have been sent to Mr. Wingate, our U. S. Consul at Foochow, for use in the various chapels of the two American missions there.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

REPORTS from Japan indicate that the average rate of baptisms in the Protestant churches of that country is about four hundred a month.—*The Missionary.*

IN India alone it is estimated that there are one hundred millions of women and girls sunk in utter ignorance and degradation, one third of whom can neither read nor write, one sixth of whom are widows, and of them eighty thousand are under ten years of age. And worst of all, these women and girls are positively unreached by any educating, elevating or evangelizing influence. Words cannot convey any adequate conception of the low estate of women in almost all the empires where the gospel has not permeated and moulded social life.—*Crisis of Missions.*

AUGUST 9, 1888, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adoniram Judson. In commemoration of this event, it is proposed to erect a Judson Centennial Memorial Church in Mandalay, the capital of upper Burma, on the new missionary compound in that city, which is within a short distance of the site of Ava, the capital of Burma during Dr. Judson's residence there, and the scene of many of his toils and sufferings, and only two miles from Oung-pen-la, the scene of his dreadful imprisonment. Ten thousand dollars is wanted for this purpose, of which the first $1,200 has been contributed by an aged Burmese woman of the Tavoy church, one of the few persons surviving who were baptized by Dr. Judson.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

LACE MADE BY HINDOO WOMEN.—Rev. G. O. Newport, of Madras, in a recent address before an audience in England, said: "Missionaries are the very best friends that India has. Two days ago I went to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which was opened last week by

the Empress of India herself, and it was a great delight to me to see what India has put there as a proof of what her own sons and daughters are able to produce. But there is one particular case in that exhibition to which I should like to direct the ladies' attention. It is filled with nothing but lace—and wondrous lace it is—gold lace, silver lace and various other kinds of lace. It is exhibited by the Government of Travancore; but I know that all that lace was manufactured by the hands of Christian women in connection with the London Missionary Society. I know, too, that the lady who taught the women of Nagercoil to make such lace was a missionary's wife. She herself learned that knowledge before she went to India, and, as a specialty, taught it to the native Christian women; and in doing that Mrs. Mault, who went out sixty years ago or thereabouts, has proved one of the greatest benefactors of the women amongst whom she labored and lived, not merely from a spiritual point of view, but socially, domestically and industrially. Missionaries take the lead in all the good reforms that are going on in the present day in India."—*Christian Woman.*

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.—A church not believing the world's conversion possible, will fail to accomplish it. To win victories for Christ the heart must be hopeful. That which kept Livingstone undaunted, and bore him on through numberless perils until he died kneeling, with his hands clasped in prayer, was the thought, "Africa for Christ."—*Morning Star.*

CHRISTIANITY was first introduced into Switzerland about A. D. 610 by St. Gall, a native of Ireland and a pupil of Columban. He was one of twelve Irish monks who labored to disseminate Christianity throughout Europe. They first took up their residence at the head of Lake Zurich, and, burning with zeal, set fire to the pagan temples, casting the idols into the lake. Driven away by the inhabitants, they settled at Bregentz, but at the end of two years were banished from this place also, and all left for Italy except St. Gall, who was too ill to be removed. He repaired to a sequestered spot, and with a few adherents built the Monastery of St. Gall in the canton of the same name. After his death, several of his scholars and monks from Ireland continued his work, until paganism lost its hold and Romanism was substituted in its place.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

WHEN the missionaries first went to the Fejee Islands they found the people cannibals, addicted to infanticide, polygamy and almost every vice. As a result of fifty years' labor they report 51 native missionaries, 1070 native teachers, 1240 churches and 25,000 church members; yet it is said there have never been at any one time more than a dozen white missionaries, but the work has been carried on through the direct labors of converted natives.—*Church At Home and Abroad.*

GLEANINGS FOR MOTHERS.

I. IMPORTANCE OF CHILDREN.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."—Matt. xviii. 10.

I. They are important to *society.*

Our future soldiers, sailors, servants, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, etc.

II. Important to *yourselves.*

The babe, the child, the young man, the young woman.

A gift (Gen. xxxiii. 5; xlviii. 9),

which must prove either your crown (Prov. xvii. 6; Psa. cxxvii. 3) or your bitterness (Prov. xvii. 25; Gen. xlii. 38).

III. Important to *themselves*.

That child must live forever.

A living soul committed to your care.

That child must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ (Rev. xx. 12).

IV. Important in the sight of *their Father who is in heaven*.

So important, that for them He gave His Son to shed His blood.

So important, that He especially says, "Suffer the little children," etc. (Mark x. 14).

So important, that He gives His angels special charge over them (Matt. xviii. 10, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones").

No jewel so precious as the soul of your child; but how far more do parents often prize the casket containing it, than the jewel.

No plant so needing watchful care and culture. Oh, neglect it not!

What have *you* done with your jewel, your plant?

II. THE TEMPER OF THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

I. What she should *not* be.

1. Provoking: Eph. vi. 4; Prov. xv. 1; Gal. v. 26.

2. Easily provoked: 1 Cor. xiii. 5; Jas. i. 19.

3. Brawling: Prov. xix. 13; xxi. 19; xxvii. 15.

II. What she *should* be.

1. Gentle: 1 Thess. ii. 7; 1 Pet. iii. 4.

Children are soon frightened by rough words or rough treatment.

2. Forbearing: Eph. iv. 2; Col. iii. 13.

If *you* cannot bear with your children, who will?

3. Patient: 1 Thess. v. 14; Eccles. vii. 8.

A mother has need of great patience.

4. Loving: Titus ii. 4.

III. In your daily temper take Christ as your example.

"*Consider Him* that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds" (Heb. xii. 3).

"*The Christian Mother*,"

By MRS. E. HOARE.

Missionary Correspondence.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

My Dear Friends:—We received letters during the sickness, which we could not answer; so thought we would answer through the MAGAZINE:

WILL you in your imagination come with me as I make my afternoon visit to the sick? We meet in the sitting room. Not being study hours, a number of girls are there, some reading, others sewing, but the greater number only talking. There is a subdued sadness among them, and their conversation is not grades and lessons as usual, but we hear remarks like this, "Have your folks written for you to go home?" "I am going next week if my money comes." "I will never tell if I get sick for Miss Wallace might send me home." "Mamie, you are sick now." "No, I am not." We pass through the office; stop to give two young men quinine and iron. We then pass to number 13, enter quickly; on the bed lies Henry Haston; he is throwing his arms and seems to be in great pain; his mind is wandering. We place our hand on his head; it seems to quiet him, and we sit by his bedside almost an hour keeping cold cloths on his head, and we imagine he is conscious of our presence and seems quieter. He has been with us three years; we were proud of him, and he was an earnest christian, quick to learn and modest in bearing.

We had planned for him a life of great usefulness, and as we sit at his bedside we pray silently to our Father to spare his life, but it is hard to add "if it is thy will." We cross the hall to number 14, where we find lying on a cot David Jaringan; he greets us with a smile, and remarks, "This cot is so much more comfortable than the bed, I shall stay here." We ask what can we do? He replies, "Sponge my hands and face, somehow it helps me." He was our head baker, and one of our seniors, always pleasant and accommodating; we had learned to depend on him, and often wondered what we would do when he would graduate. We pass to the second floor, knock at number 30, and are told to enter; we find Berry Christian standing by the fire with coat off. "Are you sick too?" He smiles sadly and says, "The doctor says I must go to bed." We feel his pulse and examine his tongue and our heart sinks within us. Berry has been with us seven years, was converted the second year and joined the college church. He was a good student but slow in speech, and we had sometimes said to Dr. McCulloch, "Is it right to encourage him to take a college course; he will never make either a minister or teacher?" His reply was. "He will make a good reliable citizen whom people will trust and go to for advice." We cross the hall and find another in bed, put our hand on his head and ask, "What are you doing in bed?" He laughingly replies, "I don't know, but I am so weak, I think I would be be better if you would give me something more to eat; beef tea and milk are not much for a hungry man." We reply, "Oh, but you are a sick man, but we will give you oat meal and mush." We pass to the third floor, enter a room; find James Prillerman in bed. He has been sick for weeks. Does not grow strong. We ask what he would like to eat. He replies. "Oh, anything, I do not care what, I just eat because I think I ought to." We ask, "would you like chicken?" Yes, he thinks he would eat some. We pass to the upper end of the hall and enter 51. Miss McBride is in bed, cheeks red and flushed, but greets us with a smile. "Don't you think I will be in school to-morrow?" We can only shake our heads as we reply, "No, not to-morrow. Your nurse will be here to-night. Don't think about your classes; they are being taught all right; just lie still and rest." We leave her with a sad heart. Not strong at best we dread the complication that might arise with the fever. We pass through a large door and into the girl's hall, enter 42; find Miss Cleland. She anxiously inquires for Miss McBride and others. We look at her so weak, and wonder what the result will be. As we pass out we meet two girls with water and towels. They are the committee appointed to sponge the sick girls. We stop to give directions about changing of beds, &c., then enter the next room where lies a young girl who has been with us only a few weeks. Her head is acheing and tongue parched with fever. Her father, a tall light man, is sitting on the cot by her bed. He has come to nurse her. He informs us that his son, who had left school to see to things at home while he staid with his daughter, has the fever also. We cross the hall and find Susie Wilson, who, the doctor informs us, is likely to be a very severe case, and make arrangements for one of the girls to stay with her. We stop at number 18, second floor to ask for Miss Shan; she is in bed, but wide awake when she should have been asleep. She remarks, "I am not taking the fever, only nervous." Cross the hall to Miss Aikins. She, too, is in bed. As we enquire for her health, she says "It is only my back." These two have been nursing Miss Armstrong (in addition to their other work) for more than a

week. She is low with nervous prostration, but has now secured a nurse. We enter number 8, on the first floor, and find Miss McCahon trying to sit up. She has nursed her niece through the fever, and it has now taken her captive, too. We now go to one of the dormitories in the yard. Charlie McCamy in one bed; George Llewellyn in the other. Charlie's breath is coming hard. As we look at him, we think of his mother far away. How her heart must ache to be with her only child! We leave him, sad at heart, and cross the yard to the house on the land bought for the Home. We find Rodgers has taken a relapse. We give his room-mate some directions about cleaning the room. We call at the Home and enter the sick-room. It contains two cots, a girl on each. We ask Miss McDill what she has done with Fannie. She replies, "I have taken her cot into the sitting room." We find Fannie weak and with four or five boils, but convalescent. We enter the school building. Calling at Dr. McCulloch's office, we find him pale and troubled. He shows us two or three telegrams from anxious friends. We meet Mrs. Wait, the training teacher, as she passes from room to room. She looks so pale, we ask if she is sick. She replies, "I am threatened with diptheria," but passes on to her work. We climb three flights of stairs to the little room back of the chapel, and find Medaris in bed. We arrange with his room-mate to bring a cot from the Little Girl's Home. We then return to my office; I find two or three letters on my table, which read as follows:

"WITHERVILLE, VIRGINIA.

"*Dear Friends:* We sympathize with you in your trouble. I know your burden is heavy and strength taxed, but our heavenly Father says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you." If my child gets sick, please inform me without delay."

"COAL CREEK, TENN.

"Please tell me if it is best to bring Mary home. I write to you for information, and thought I would get it. Love to all, especially my table-mates and teachers."

"CHICAGO, ILL.

"I have received several letters from Ida, saying there is a great deal of sickness in school. Don't you think it best for me to send for her to come home? Write by return mail"

What shall I reply to these anxious friends? Lillie enters, asks for medicine. I feel her head hot with fever, note the signs. Truth compels me to say, "Lillie, I believe you are taking the fever, you had better go home this evening." Tears come to her eyes, and she says, "Can I not wait until to-morrow morning." I say, "Yes," against my better judgment. I lay my head on my desk and cry, "Father is it not enough, stay the hand of the destroyer." But some one knocks. It is the young man having charge of the sponging of the sick boys. He asks whom the doctor ordered sponged and what beds must be changed? He has not gone until Mr. Cook, one of our seniors, enters. He has been appointed to see to the night nurses. He wishes to know who he can get to stay with certain sick ones, and remarks, "There is scarcely a well one among us." We go to the kitchen. As the matron is sick, we must see to the supper. The regular routine of work must not be interfered with. In the bake-room they are taking out their bread. I remark, "Three of the bakers sick! Is not the work too heavy?" They reply cheerfully, "We can manage."

Supper over, dishwashers must do extra work. But never a frown; all work cheerfully. We return to the kitchen, every one doing their work quietly. But who are those young men and maidens standing around a table in the far end of the kitchen? Those are persons appointed to carry meats to the sick. That tall girl you see waiting on

them is Jane Henry. She now spends all her time preparing such things as the doctor has ordered for the sick ones. This one can have only beef tea and milk; that one, a little oat meal and milk; another, chicken broth. If she should make a mistake it might prove fatal to the sick one. We again pass through the dining room and find a table full eating, (and table setters standing quietly by.) Those are the nurses. We go to the sitting-room. A young girl enters with a basket of sheets and pillow cases and says, "We have ironed all that belong to the sick, where shall we put them?" The 6:30 bell rings; all retire to their rooms.

A week more has passed, Haston is dead, Jarnigan is not expected to live, Christian is very low; Miss McBride also very near death, her father and mother here. Four or five students leave every day; others have taken sick. Who are the five white men Mrs. Wait is bringing through the hall? They are the Board of Health Dr. McCulloch has invited out to examine the grounds and building. Three of the best physicians of the city are among them, Dr. McCulloch takes them everywhere. They ask for a private room for consultation, which is granted; after which they advise Dr. McCulloch to disband the school at once. They think the fever was caused by the impure water which was hauled during the dry weather and put in the cisterns. That night the faculty meets and concludes to close school next day. As about two new cases occur every week, boarders are leaving every day; we cannot advise them to remain. Day pupils are staying out.

LATER—Jaringan and Christian are both dead, Miss McBride improving, but very feeble; all the sick improving; some twenty students busy cleaning cisterns, washing bed clothes, whitewashing and disinfecting; teachers busy with catalogue and overseeing work, but you often see tears in their eyes as they speak of those whom our Father has taken, and you hear this remark: "It is such a comfort that they were all consistent Christians." Yours Truly,

ELIZA B. WALLACE.

The following letter was written to the Young People's Missionary Society of the Second Church, Xenia, of which Miss Anisa Moosa was an active and useful member during her stay in this country.

Dear Society:—Although there is a great ocean between you and me, still my thoughts are not that far from you. I wonder how you are getting along now. I hope you are all well, and each one still a member of the Society. We have a very nice school here and such nice girls, too. We are having vacation now; this is the last week of it, and I feel lonesome once in a while. The people here were all strangers to me, for I was never at this part of the country before, and the only people I know are two girls that went to school with me at Cairo; they are living here now. I received my MAGAZINE just the other day, and as soon as I saw it I thought of your kindness in sending it to me.

We have a very nice and interesting Society here once a month, and all the large girls belong to it and some of the little ones, too. I wish you could see them when they have their Bible reading. The committee gives a Bible reading to one of the larger persons—I mean a native teacher or so. She chooses a few girls and teaches them the verses all by heart. At first she reads the beginning, or whatever she wants to read about the subject, and then asks the questions, and each girl recites her verse by turn—of course, they practice beforehand—and they recite over a hundred verses. I do wish you could see it.

My business now at the Society is to translate English papers, or render story-books into Arabic, and also the letters that come, and not only this, but I am also the corresponding secretary;

and so I am busy all the time. This Society gathers at one meeting about six or seven dollars. Is it not doing a very good work?

You must not forget me, but every time you go to the Society think of the one that used to be with you. It might be that we will never see each other again in this world, but when we remember each other in prayers we feel as though we are not far from each other. I am writing this little letter to all of you, and you must not feel badly if I do not write to each one, because I am busy all the time and I can not write any more than I am doing. I do not only write my own letters but also some for others.

To-day is the day when all the Copts go out to the graves and give alms to poor people. They began to cry yesterday evening. They dress in black and put mud on their heads and scream. I was out yesterday visiting one of the native teachers here that teaches with me. Her mother was preparing to do the same thing for one who has been dead for a year. I told her that he was a Christian and is better off now; we must not do this. She said. "Yes, that is so." The missionaries talk to them so much, but still they do it. ANISA.

ASYOOT, Egypt, Jan. 11th, 1888.

Editorial Department.

IT has been suggested by several persons, warm friends of the late Mrs. Martin and earnest Christian workers, that a hospital would be a more suitable memorial than the proposed stone. The founding of a memorial hospital would be a noble enterprise in every way. The good done by such institutions is apparent to all even, in this land where the vast majority of invalids and unfortunates are tenderly cared for in Christian homes, or in homes that have felt the hallowed touch of Christianity from without, and where educated physicians abound. What then must be the need in lands where "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" where those of feeble or unsound mind afford amusement to the boys on the street corners, while sufferers from deformities gather a precarious living from the alms of passers-by? We feel assured, therefore, that whenever the proper authorities can see their way clear to open a fund for such a purpose, which, by the way, is likely to cost several thousand dollars, it will meet with the hearty approbation of all concerned. But we must remember that existing obligations *must* be met and that our Boards cannot *coin* money; that though they plan most wisely and distribute with the best of judgment, their plans can be carried out only as we place at their disposal money with which to do it. The purpose to erect a stone to the memory of Mrs. Martin originated over a year ago and, as has been stated, was in response to an appeal by one of the ladies of our India mission, who said the lady missionaries were willing to do it but thought it would be a greater honor to Mrs. Martin to have it come from the sisters of the home church.

A plain but *very durable* stone will be required. From $125 to $150 was mentioned as the probable cost, and the $200 was asked for to hand over to the Missionary Association what would certainly be enough and allow anything that might be over to go for mission purposes.

This is a golden opportunity to say to the heathen women: "Here lies one who spent her life to carry to you the news of a Saviour, and we, her sisters, esteemed her very highly for her work's sake and have laid away her body, not with a wail of despair, but in the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection."

AMOUNT received for the Mrs. Martin Memorial Fund up to date, March 20th, 1888: A Friend of Missions, Albany, N. Y., $5.00; Mrs. W. J. Morrow, Creston, Ia., 50 cts; Miss Anna Morrow, $1.00; Mrs. M. M. Barkley, Argyle, N. Y., $1.00; Mrs. Jean M. Turnbull, Argyle, N. Y., 50 cts.; Mrs. William Thompson, State Center, Ia., 40 cts.; Mrs. Rev. M. Evans, Edgerton, Kan., 30 cts.; Mrs. Rev. David Strang, Lincoln, Tenn., 40 cts.; Rev. James A. Lawrence, Caraopolis, Pa., $1.00; Mrs. Celia Patterson, Brush Valley, Pa., 10 cts.; Mrs. M. L. Armstrong, Harshaville, Pa., 10 cts.; Mrs. Eliza J. Tidrick, Londonderry, O., 10 cts.; Miss Madeline Rutherford, Londonderry, O., 25 cts.; M. E. Kilpatrick, Hanover, Ill., 10 cts.; Mary J. Campbell. 422 W. 44th St. N. Y., 40 cts.; Missionary Societies, Cedarville, O., $1.45; Fairview, O., $2.00; 2nd church, Xenia, $5.00; Tarkio, Mo., $1.00; 1st church, Washington, Ia., $1.75; 2nd church, Washington, Ia., 75 cts.

MRS. J. G. CARSON, Treas.

IT is said the last words of the Emperor William, of Germany, were, when Dr. Giegel read the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," &c. "That is wonderful;" and then fell into the sleep from which he never roused. How many of God's children have closed their eyes upon this world and the things thereof comforted and soothed by these words; and so it will be to the end of the world. Prince and peasant, rich and poor, must walk in the same narrow path, and must have their robes washed white and clean in the blood of the Lamb which taketh away the sins of the whole world. "God is no respecter of persons."

IN the Synod of Kansas there are thirty women's missionary societies, all of them efficient helpers in the work of the Lord's vineyard.

THE Rev. Wm. Harvey is now professor in the theological department at Cairo.

THE sad intelligence has just been received of the death of Mrs. M. A. Crawford, of Hanover, Ind., whose article, "Give ye them to eat," appeared in the March number of the MAGAZINE. "The time is short."

THE Missionary Association of Egypt has directed that the curriculum of the Asyoot Training College be so arranged that the studies of the last year may be an equivalent for the studies of the first year in theology.

AHMED, the young Mohammedan of high caste, who openly professed Christianity in Cairo and was obliged to flee from the country for his life, was afterwards educated in Edinburgh by the Earl of Aberdeen and is now a missionary physician at Amoy, China. He was sent out by the Medical Mission of the London Missionary Society.

On earth we have nothing to do with success or with its results, but only being true to God and for God; for it is sincerity and not success which is the sweet savor before God.—*Robertson.*

WHOSE business is it to make up the subscription list for the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE? In too many of our societies it belongs to no one in particular. Those who are deeply interested in the mission-work of the church will subscribe unsolicited, but the indifferent and busy must be called upon, but who should do this? An *agent for the Magazine* should be one of the officers appointed from year to year as regularly as the president or treasurer. *This very month* is the time to make such appointments, if it has hitherto been neglected, as many of the societies hold their annual meetings this month.

REV. David Strang permits us to make the following extract from a letter written by one of his daughters and says, "They will surely quicken the sympathy and prayers of your readers for a patient suffering sister who has long been a worthy laborer in the gospel. Miss Matilda writes thus, under date of Jan. 23rd, from Alexandria:

* * * * * * *

I did not know until I returned from the late holiday in Mansura how dearly I loved Alexandria and the people in it.

* * * * * * *

I called on Miss McKown on my way here. She is at the Scotch mission and I stop in for a few minutes every day to talk to her and read her letters. She is wonderfully cheerful, although she can see no face, and can rarely distinguish objects. As I heard her talk of what she believes, and what we sadly fear were her last glimpses of the glories of earth, I could but think of the soldier who has lost his sight in the heat of battle. She spoke of the last night she had been able to look upon; never had moonlight seemed so bewildering and lovely, and, as she viewed the last sunset, the most glorious she had ever seen, her soul, she said, was filled with an adoration that she had never before felt. She has lain helpless on her back for the last three weeks, awaiting the result of the oculist's experiment in bandaging her poor eyes.

A note from Dr. McCulloch, Pres. of Knoxville College, dated March 19, says, "Miss McBride is evidently better, and we now hope she will soon be well. The last sick student leaves to-day, and no one excepting Miss Armstrong is now in bed."

LET contributions to the Mrs. Martin memorial fund be made as far as possible through societies, to save trouble in acknowledging.

IT must be borne in mind that although the subscription list of the MAGAZINE has more than doubled itself since the first issue, there is now on the list but a few hundred more names than the committee, after a careful estimate, thought the work could be safely undertaken. The committee feel as if they had but gained a starting point, both in the way of subscription, and in their knowledge as to how to proceed in the management of an enterprise of such importance, and that promises results far beyond present calculation. For its enlarged and increasing usefulness, let earnest and persistent effort be made to increase its circulation. Will not those whom God has blessed with means respond to our appeals for subscriptions for those in needy parts of the field, as many have already done. We are willing to be custodians of such gifts, so that those who love the cause of Christ and are desirous to know just what part our own church is taking in advancing His kingdom, as well as to know of the needs of the world, may have the opportunity of reading the MAGAZINE; and thus it will prove a greater blessing than our weak faith would dare anticipate.

IN a letter received from Mrs. Lytle, of India, she says, "The death of Basso, wife of Rev. Paul Wasralie, of Zaforwal District, was a great blow to her husband and mother, and a great loss to our mission. You can see her picture and her husband's and parents' on page 223, of our India Mission. Basso was a good Christian woman and will be greatly missed. She leaves a little babe of four months old and four older children. The two that were killed were, one a boy, the other a girl. The little girl's name was Lydia. She was named for dear Mrs. Martin, who entered into her rest a year before her little namesake.

LET special remembrance be made of the approaching annual meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society. It was suggested last month in the MAGAZINE that the second Saturday in April be set apart as a day of prayer to God to enable us and others to glorify Him by giving as he has prospered us, and that a collection be taken on that day as a "free will offering to the Lord." Let us pray for the presence of the Holy Spirit in the plenitude of His power and grace that He *will* open the hearts as in olden times, when the "wise hearted women" so gladly responded to the call to aid in preparing the "tabernacle" for the worship of God, that they brought "much more than enough" for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make. May we feel that this appeal comes to us *individually* and respond accordingly. We need not wait for neighbors or friends. Our example may encourage others to unite with us in helping on the good work of raising $16,000 as a thank offering from the women of the United Presbyterian Church.

SCHOOL CLOSED.—The Boys' School in Alexandria, among the first established in our Egyptian mission, and from which several of our *Mohammedan converts* have come out and professed their belief in Christ. This old school has been closed by the mission there. But how can schools be carried on without money?

IT is hoped that all have carefully read the appeal from the officers of the Women's General Missionary Society, which was made in the church papers of March 29, as well as those which have appeared in this Magazine, with reference to the "thank-offering" that is to be sent up to the coming annual meeting at Washington, Pa. We like the suggestion to officers of congregational societies to see that every woman of the congregation, be she a member of the missionary society or not, is specially invited to be present at the meeting the 2nd Saturday of April, the invitation to include an envelope marked "Thank-Offering" in which may be placed the gifts.

Through the courtesy of George H. Daniels, esq., vice-chairman of the Central Traffic Association, Chicago, Ills., and of Wm. Fleming, secretary of Trunk Lines Association of New York, we are in possession of blank certificates, on which to obtain reduced rates to the Women's General Missionary Society, which will meet in Washington, Pa., Tuesday evening, May 8, 1888. Any person wishing to attend the meeting is entitled to these rates. No stop-over privileges will be allowed, and they are limited in time to three days before and three days after the meeting. Persons holding these certificates, and complying particularly with their regulations, will pay full fare to the meeting, and be entitled to a rebate of two-thirds of full fare on the return trip, thus reducing the whole expense of attending the meeting one-third. To save trouble and expense, let persons club together, as far as practicable, in sending orders.

Address, Miss Sallie McDowell, secretary W. G. M. S., Xenia, Ohio.

We are indebted to Dr. Wm. J. Gibson, of Philadelphia, for the Manual of the Fourth United Presbyterian Church of that city, Rev. J. M. Farrar, pastor. The history of the congregation is sketched by Dr. Dales, whose peculiar fitness for the task, both as one of the fathers of the presbytery and organizer of the congregation, will be recognized by all. The congregation has a fine church building, is completely organized for christian work, and judging from the great in-gathering of the past and the hopes for the future, "the Lord is there."

REV. John Giffen and family, of Asyoot, Egypt, were to start for America between the 18th and 24th of March, and arrive in this country in time for the meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society. Mrs. Giffen is the delegate from the Presbyterial society of Egypt to the W. G. M. S., and she and Mr. Giffen have a place on the programme.

IN a letter received from Mrs. S. E. Johnson, who has just graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, we clip the following:

"Our commencement was a very quiet one owing to the great snow storm. For days, those invited from distant places were not able to come in. It is all over now and I already begin to feel the responsibility of the title I have received, and the greater need to humble myself in the presence of the Great Physician that I may have more of His spirit in me; His blessing to fit me for the great work before me. I hope to go to Staten Island next month to take up my duties there as an assistant resident physician in the hospital for women and children, and shall expect to stay there till the 15th of Oct. My address will be Sophie E. Johnson, M. D., Nursery and Child's Hospital, N. Y.

Women's Auxiliary Board, &c.

As the time for the meeting of the General Missionary Society approaches annual reports seem to require some attention. Blanks were mailed March 2nd to every Presbyterial recording secretary, to societies not within the bounds of a Presbyterial association, and to pastors or correspondents of congregations where societies may have been organized during the year. It will be remembered that at Monmouth, as well as at previous meetings, so much time was consumed in hearing delegates' reports that a resolution was adopted to omit them hereafter. For this reason it is all the more important that the filled blanks be sent promptly to Miss McDowell, so that she will be able to give a complete "sum total" to the General Missionary Society.

The Treasurer's receipts were $654.35. A circular letter addressed to missionary societies was read and ordered to be printed. It will speak for itself, and those concerned will greatly facilitate matters by giving the desired information.

Three societies had sent boxes to home missionaries: North church, Philadelphia; First church, Pittsburgh, and Home Mission Society of First church Allegheny.

The vacancy in the Board was filled by the election of Mrs. Thomas S. Stewart, Stewart Station, Pa.

A committee was appointed to look after "mite boxes," and before long we hope to supply mission bands and older members with these silent little reminders of blessings received and faults to be overcome.

MARGARET M. SHAW,
March 6, 1888. Recording Secretary.

QUERY.

For what purpose is the collection taken up in our Pres. W. M. S. meetings? Is it to pay expenses of delegates to the W. G. M. S., or to pay expenses of the executive committee arranging the programme, etc., for presbyterial meetings, or to defray treasurer's expenses in forwarding the monies of different congregational societies to the treasurer of the Women's Board? Is it for any or all of

these objects? And if any surplus, what is to be done with it? These may seem very simple questions to some, but we feel that we are not exaggerating the case when we say that there are many among the rank and file who, like your correspondent, do not understand the workings of our organization well enough to work efficiently, but who are willing to learn.

Many of our ladies take the MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, and are delighted with it. We rejoice in a magazine our "very own," which not only tells us much of mission work in general, but of the work of our own church in particular in its various fields, at home and abroad. Oh, how much work there is to do for the Master—how few the workers, and how scant the means! May His Spirit prompt us to more earnestness and increased liberality.

Please give us, from time to time, any hints you can in regard to the management of the work in our congregational and presbyterial societies.

We believe the Lord's work deserves to be done in a business-like, orderly way; and we believe, too, that in this way the best results can be attained.

INQUIRER.

The Erie Mission Band sent a box to Rev. McCarrol, at Horace, Greely county, Kan., in February, valued at $25. Mr. McCarrol seemed delighted to think they had been remembered. Said he preached very much better the Sabbath after receiving the box. They have to go 15 miles to the postoffice, also to dry goods stores.

Yours, in christian work,

MRS. J. C. WILSON.

OUR INDIA MISSION.—This book by the lamented Dr. Gordon should be in every family of the church. It should be read by every member of each family, young and old.

REASONS.

1. It is well worth the price in the excellence and beauty of its illustrations and general make up.

2. It is one of the most interesting and fascinating of books on the subject of missions or any other subject.

3. Its universal circulation would do much to awaken and foster a missionary spirit.

4. The proceeds of it are, to a great extent, the means of support to Dr. Gordon's family and the education of his children.

5. This is the best method of testifying our appreciation of Dr. Gordon's devotion and self-sacrifice in the service of the church, and our gratitude to God for what, by his grace, Dr. G. was enabled to accomplish.

6. This will be the most fitting monument that could be erected to his memory by the church, as the book itself is already the monument of his life-work, more splendid and imperishable than one of bronze or marble.

Let every reader of the MAGAZINE send for a copy for herself or others.

tf MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

When not otherwise specified the money is from the L. M. S. of the place named.

Foreign.—A Friend, Norfolk, Va., on debt, 5; 1st, Chicago, Ill., 5; Mission Band, Summerset, Ia., 9; Connellsville, Pa., on debt, 10; Beaver Run, Pa., debt, 10; Baltimore, Md., debt, 30; North Ch., Phila., debt, 20; 8th Ch., Phila., debt, 15; Hoopeston, Ill., 5; Mrs. Grace Hanna, 1; Mrs. Jennie Knox, 5; Low Point, Ill., 4; Stanwood, Ia., for Egypt, 33.30; Indiana Presb., 28.25; Paxton, Ill., 20.

Salaries.—Miss M. Strang, Southern Ill. Presb., 13.35; Miss Smith, Garnett Presb. 5; Miss Corbett, Brookville Presb., 30; Miss Campbell, Monmouth Presb., 25.

Miscellaneous.—S. S. York, Mo., for Dr. White's Hospital, India, 10.

Home.—Bellevue, Pa., 59; Y. L. M. S., New Concord, O., 5; Hanover, Ill., 9.35; Mrs. Fred, Edgerton, Ill., 1; Los Angeles, Cal., 37.78; 1st Chicago, 5; Summerset, Ia., 20; Hoopeston, Ill., 5; Low Point, Ill., 4; Paxton, Ill., 28.99.

Freedmen.—Piper City, Ill., 13.50; Richmond, Pa., 7; Cuylerville, N. Y., 5.48; Paxton, Ill., 20.

Church Extension.—Hanover, Ill., 9.35; Summerset, Ia., 13; Low Point, Ill., 2; Paxton, Ill., 20.

Parsonage Fund.—W. M. S. Indiana Presb., 6.

Ministerial Relief.—Sewickley, Allegheny Presb., 10; Low Point, Ill., 2; Indiana Presb. 5.

Building Fund, Warm Spring.—Ellison, Ill., 20; Elvira, Ia., 10; Ainsworth, Ia., 8.

Little Girl's Home.—Brookville Presb., 10; Ainsworth, Ia., 8.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Ladies' Missionary Society of Shilocta.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father on the 7th of January to remove from us by death our esteemed friend and a member of the Society, Mrs. Mollie H. Sharp, that we recognize in this dispensation the hand of Him who doth all things well; that cherishing the memory of the departed, we are admonished by her death to renew our efforts in the cause to which our society is devoted, and to have our lamps trimmed and burning, so when the summons comes we may be also ready. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband and family and sorrowing friends, praying that the same kind Heavenly Father who has afflicted may also comfort and sustain. Now she is free from pain and suffering, and we trust she has entered that beautiful land, whose inhabitants never say they are sick, to be forever with the Lord.

MRS. M. J. CALHOUN,
MRS. MAGGIE MCCULLOUGH,
MRS. S. A. WIGGINS. } Com.

HER HIGHNESS
THE MAHARANEE DHULEEP SINGH, AND CHILD.